









LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

A fair and delicate skin, free from every blemish, is the reward of an occasional use of Palmer's Vegetable Cosmetic Lotion.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Blue Ridge railroad, a committee of five was appointed to repair to Cincinnati and Louisville in the furtherance of their enterprise.

The River.—The general thaw and recent rains have brought the Ohio into a fine navigable condition. Unless the weather shall turn cold soon we have every prospect for a high river.

Communion.—The Assembly branch of the Mayville Presbyterian Church held communion services on Sunday. Interesting sermons were delivered by Rev. J. P. Hendricks, of Flemingsburg, in the morning and evening.

The Wheat Crops.—We learn that this crop was uninjured by the frozes of December and still looks promising. This warm weather in January is apt to make the blades tender, so that a cold snap might be fatal to the prospects. But we will not anticipate the calamity of another failure.

The Rain.—At about 4 o'clock, P. M., on yesterday, the rain commenced pouring down, and for ten minutes the storm was as hard as any we ever saw. It soon slackened and then a steady rain set in which will bring the river booming to the top of the banks. There will be no scarcity in coal this winter.

The Scientific American is a journal that every mechanic ought to have, by all means, as it gives a large fund of just information that is of practical value in mechanical pursuits. We take pleasure in directing attention to the prospects of this paper, to be found in our advertising columns to day.

Runaway.—Just as the Mayfield omnibus entered that place on Thursday, the horses became frightened and uncontrollable. The vehicle was soon upset, though the driver remained with it to the last. We regret to learn that L. A. Welch, the editor of the Bulletin, was badly bruised. The omnibus was injured considerably.

A New Year's Present.—On the first day of the new year we were placed under obligations to Messrs. John A. Longbridge & Co. for a bottle of excellent blackberry wine. It is needless to say we celebrated the occasion by a taste of its quality, with many benedictions upon the donors. The firm have fine liquors and wines for sale, and are always polite to their patrons.

The Evening Sun.—We have received the first number of the Daily Evening Sun, published in Louisville, and edited by Charles D. Kirk, formerly of this city, and C. M. Summers. We take pleasure in adding it to our list of exchanges, and hope that the publishers, W. J. Weber & Co., will make it more remunerative than evening papers in Louisville have generally been.

L. A. Welch.—We regret to learn from Mr. Welch that he was severely injured by the Mayfield omnibus accident that we at first supposed. Besides painful bruises, his knee cap was broken straight across, and his injuries will probably confine him to his bed for some time. We hope Mr. Welch may entirely recover and have nothing more than a remembrance to remind him of his mishap.

Sale.—We are indebted to Col. L. B. Goggin for the following account of the sale of W. B. Stodde's property, Saturday, January 2, 1899, viz: One bay mare, \$135; one spotted horse, \$96; one sorrel mare, \$80; one old mare, \$41; one gray mare, \$60; one heifer, \$21.50; one old cow, \$20; one stock hog, \$70.50; fifteen shoats, \$5.30 each. The farm was offered but not sold for want of bidders.

Land Sales in Lewis.—During the month of December, J. Nelson Ross, sold to Wm. C. Ramsey, eighty acres of land near Tollyboro for \$2,400. Alfred De Atley sold his farm to Mr. Hall for \$2,800. Solomon Applegate sold his house and six acres of land in Tollyboro for \$600. Prices are looking up in that neighborhood in consequence of the Vanceburg and Mayville turnpike road.

An other column will be found the advertisement of Mr. W. S. Beaumont, furnishing undertaker, No. 56, Second street. Mr. Beaumont "has come to stay," and keeps constantly on hand every kind of coffin and burial case, which will be sold as cheap as can be bought at any other establishment. He has a fine hearse, and will attend funerals at all hours. In addition to undertaking, upholstery, repairing, &c. For cheap and satisfactory bargains, apply to him.

Shooting Affair.—Last Saturday evening a man by the name of Thomas Clary, was shot by a negro man in Mayfield. The difficulty originated in a store, where a short scuffle ensued, when the negro broke and ran. Clary following him with an axe handle in his hand, till the negro turned and shot him. The shot was fired from a small Wever carbide pistol, knocking out one or two teeth. Very little damage was done further than this, for he caught the bullet in his mouth. An examination of the office took place before equires Clift and Dye, Tuesday morning, which resulted in the negro being held to bail in the sum of \$100, for his appearance in the Circuit Court, to answer the charge of "assault with intent to kill."—Bulletin.

Coal Trade.—The coal trade of Mayville is represented in our advertising columns by the firms of Pogue, Duke & Co. and Geo. M. Thompson & Co. Between these two firms a very spirited opposition has been maintained for more than a year, resulting in a marked reduction in the price of the article of fuel. The competition may not have been advantageous to either of the firms concerned in it, but it has been beneficial to all classes of purchasers. Coal can now be bought in Mayville for less money than at any of the river cities and towns below Portsmouth. Both of these firms deliver coal of the best quality at thirteen cents, and of a good quality at twelve cents, thus going back to old ante-war prices. Messrs. Pogue, Duke & Co. have a large yard well located on the bank of the river, and take their coal directly from the flats by steam, screened by a labor-saving process, and dump it into their carts by machinery, thus saving a large expense in handling. Their yard is near the depot, and when the railroad shall be built we predict for them a monopoly of the shipments to the interior. Thompson & Co. have not so great an advantage of situation, but they have managed to keep up the contest thus far, and show no signs of drawing off. They say "they have come to stay," and will sell as low as any one. Per-

sons in the interior needing choice coal will do well to send their orders to one of these firms. The day is not far distant when Mayville will do a large business in shipping coal to the interior counties.

Lecture.—Prof. Davison will deliver a free lecture at the Neptune Hall, at 7 o'clock, on Wednesday evening, on penmanship and education. Parties interested in these arts should not fail to attend.

The King of Bavaria kindly permitted Dr. J. C. Ayer to have a copy taken of Ranc's celebrated colossal statue of Victory, which belongs to the Bavarian crown and stands at the entrance of the Royal Palace at Munich. The doctor had it cast in bronze, and has presented it to the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, where it stands in the Park and symbolizes the triumph of both freedom and medicine. Her manufactures are the pride of Lowell, and foremost among them Ayer's medicines make a name gratefully remembered by the unnumbered multitude who are cured by them of all kinds of often dangerous diseases.—Boston Journal.

Miss Judith Russell, of New Bedford, writes: I have been afflicted with severe prostrating cramps in my limbs, cold feet and hands, and a general disordered system. While visiting some friends in New York, who were using Plantation Bitters, they prevailed upon me to try them. I commenced with a small wine glass full after each meal. Feeling better by degrees, in a few days I was astonished to find the coldness and cramps had entirely left me, and I could sleep the night through, which I had not done for years. I feel like another being. My appetite and strength have also greatly improved by the use of the Plantation Bitters.

MINOXIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German cologne, and sold at half the price.

The many friends of Riley J. McCormick will be glad to learn that he has purchased an interest in the Southern Hotel, in Lexington. As a soldier in the 'halls of the Montezumas,' as a follower of Gen. Morgan, and as a keeper of the Blue Licks, he made warmly attached friends. With two such popular men as Worley and McCormick, the Southern is bound to become the most popular house in Kentucky. Col. Worley's hospitable manners were his when a private citizen, as we can testify from the way in which he entertained us several days from the bleak storms of a Cass county (Mo.) prairie. The Southern extends, through a cordial invitation to the editors en route to the convention at Frankfort, to become the guests of that house, and to hold their next meeting at Lexington.—Paris Kentuckian.

Railroad Progress.—The Louisville and Cincinnati railroad is progressing rapidly, notwithstanding the late inclemency of the weather. Fifty miles of track have been laid, and the whole work is in such a forward state that it is contemplated to run freight trains through from city to city in February. In order to insure thorough settling of the road, and to hastening passenger trains will probably not be run for a month or two later. The bridge across the Kentucky at Worthville will be a fine structure of iron. The channel span, of 250 feet, was to have been put up yesterday, leaving but two narrow spans to enable trains to cross. The floor of the bridge is 67 feet above low water, and will not obstruct navigation more than the bridges at Frankfort.

The City Election.—The contest for the municipal officers in Mayville on yesterday passed off quietly, without disturbance that we have heard of. Considerable hushhead whisky had evidently been absorbed, but it had a stupefying rather than a maddening influence. From the best information we can obtain at this writing the following persons were elected, viz: For mayor, Wm. P. Coons; for marshal, Henry Johnson; for clerk, Will T. Payne; for treasurer, B. A. Wallingford; for assessor, James I. Hunt; for collector, Mark Cardie; for wharfmaster, Mike Brown; for wood and coal inspector, Wm. Davis; for market master, Wm. Edmunds; for councilmen in the first ward, Wm. S. Bridges, Dr. G. W. Martin, and S. W. Howe; for councilmen in the second ward, R. A. Cochran, M. Stockton, and Jas. H. Rains; for councilmen in the third ward, Dr. John M. Duke, J. J. Wood, and G. W. Sulser; for councilmen in the fourth ward, Dr. John P. Phister, Geo. Tudor, and W. M. Pike; for councilmen in the fifth ward, P. R. Vanden and Jas. H. Hall. In this ward there is a tie between David Keefe and Wm. Ireland.

Distressing Affair.—Two Young Men Kill Each Other.—We learn that on Christmas Eve there was at the Baptist church in Sharpsburg a school exhibition which passed off pleasantly. After that a number of young men repaired to a drinking saloon, and then followed one of the most awful as well as remarkable and melancholy affairs of which we have any knowledge. Joshua Sharp, one of the scholars of the school, who had acquired himself with credit at the exhibition, about twenty years old, and Dick Taylor, but a few years older, were friends, but being excited by liquor became involved in a trifling difficulty. Angry words ensued—Sharp proposed to Taylor "if he wished to fight he would accommodate him." Each one took a pistol from two of the bystanders and went to the street, Sharp taking his position on one side of the street, Taylor on the other, about one hundred feet apart. Sharp said, "are you ready?" Taylor replied, "I am." They then began to fire. Sharp's pistol missed fire the first time, giving Taylor the first fire which was harmless. They then fired about the same time and were both instantly killed. Sharp was shot through the head and Taylor through the heart.

This occurred about 12 o'clock at night, and on Saturday the two who had been friends until a moment before they fought were followed to the same grave yard by their sorrowing parents and many friends. A little more than a year ago young Smothers was shot and killed within one hundred yards of the scene of the above sad affair. Both of these and many other crimes are traceable directly to the use of liquor, and still those who have the power to do so continue to license liquor saloons without discrimination, thereby giving countenance to all the evils that necessarily follow.

We learn that the County Judge of Bath has recently refused all applications for license to sell liquor, and for the act receives the thanks of all who have regard for the public morals or value the safety of human life. The laws on the subject ought to be severely and rigidly enforced, and measures should be taken to place a restraint upon those who sell liquor indiscriminately to old and young, white and black. The men who handed weapons to those unfortunate youths are accessories to murder from a legal as well as a moral standpoint, and in any other country than this would be severely punished. We learn that two peace officers were present at this tragedy, who might easily have prevented it, and yet did not.

Letter from Lewis.  
Coxsack, Ky.,  
January 3, 1899.  
Editor Eagle.—Your article in the EAGLE in defense of the course by George T. Halbert, Esq., in giving up the murders of Blyew and Kinnard to the United States authorities, has the endorsement of every Democrat in this county. The Bulletin seems to be in great trouble over the matter, and would probably like to make martyrs of Blyew and Kinnard. If the Editor knew how little the people of Lewis county care about the matter he would probably say less. The people of Lewis county view the matter in this light: That Blyew and Kinnard undoubtedly committed the bloody deed and that they deserve to be hung, and they care not where the execution takes place, whether in Louisville, by order of the U. S. court or in Vanceburg by order of the State court; so it is done they will be satisfied.

If the State wants to test the matter at issue there are plenty of other cases in which men of character and good standing are interested which they can take to the Supreme Court. We of Lewis have no sympathy for such outlaws as Blyew and Kinnard, and do not consider that our rights are in any way trampled on by the hanging of such outlaws by any authority whatever, even though it be by Judge Lynch. Let them be executed in the wish of every law-abiding man of Lewis county.

One of your Mason county office-seekers has been of late writing a great many articles to leading Democrats in the county asking their support for the office of State Senator. He says according to usage that Mason county is entitled to the Senator the next term. We beg leave to differ with the gentleman. We think that according to usage Lewis is entitled to the office at least three terms yet. We intend to claim our rights in the convention, and will be on hand with a full delegation presenting the name of some one of our worthy Democrats for the office. Among the names mentioned for the office in this county I now think of Saml. B. Pugh, Esq., Judge J. R. Garland, John T. Wood and Col. W. S. Rand, any one of whom would make a good Senator.

A LEWIS DEMOCRAT.  
Rev. J. N. Gallie.—The New Orleans Prospector of the 22d has the following in regard to Rev. J. N. Gallie, formerly of this city: "On Sunday last there was preached at Trinity Church a sermon, which for clearness and force of diction, simple and unadorned eloquence, and earnestness of purpose on the part of the speaker, has probably never been surpassed in any of the pulpits of our city, rich as they unquestionably are in memories of the great efforts of able and eloquent preachers. The next was from Habakkuk, chapter 3 verses 17 and 18, being the passage which is said to have been esteemed by the illustrious Daniel Webster as the most beautiful and impressive in all the Old Testament. The preacher was the Rev. J. M. Gallie, of Louisville, who appeared in response to an invitation of the wardens and vestry, that he should visit the parish, with a view to see whether a permanent association with it, as pastor, would prove agreeable to him. His discourse was listened to, by a large congregation, with the closest attention and appears to have been warmly appreciated by all present, and the wish was generally expressed that the reverend gentleman might accept the call, which is understood to have been tendered him, to become the permanent successor of the gifted and eloquent Beckwith. We are sure that Mr. Gallie is well calculated to do a world of good among us in his sacred calling, and trust soon to witness his installation as pastor of Trinity.

Since writing the above we learn that the call has been accepted by Mr. Gallie, who will take charge of the parish after the Christmas holidays.  
Masonic.—At the last regular anniversary meeting of the Masonic Lodge, in this city, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:  
CONFIDENCE LODGE, No. 55.  
W. N. Howe, W. M.  
M. Smith, S. W.  
A. Billstein, J. W.  
Wm. Watkins, Treas.  
Jno. B. Gibson, Sec.  
S. B. Nicholson, S. & T.  
MASON LODGE, No. 342.  
Geo. S. Hancock, W. M.  
M. C. Russell, S. W.  
Wm. Bliss, S. W.  
John W. Alexander, sec.  
Littleton Hill, Treas.  
S. B. Nicholson, S. & T.  
MAYVILLE COUNCIL, No. 35, R. & S. M.  
W. C. Jenkins, T. I. G. M.  
P. W. Coons, D. I. G. M.  
Geo. R. Gill, P. C. W.  
M. H. Smith, Capt. Guard.  
W. P. Watkins, Treas.  
A. Billstein, Recorder.  
S. B. Nicholson, Sentinel.

CHARITY LODGE, No. 279, of F. & A. M., at Mayfield, met on Saturday evening last, and elected the following officers:  
Jas. Powell, W. M.  
John Peed, S. W.  
Thos. Palmer, J. W.  
Walter Matthews, Sec.  
H. P. McIlvaine, S. D.  
A. C. Stockdale, J. D.  
Carr White, S. & T.

Mule and Horse Trade.—The Paris Kentuckian says, to show the rise in the mule market in the last few weeks, one gentleman tells us that he bought a lot in Indiana, and sold out here at a profit of \$2,500, or \$10 per head, and that they have since sold at an additional profit of \$7 per head.

Some of our traders say we ought not to print the prices of mules; that buyers down South see our items copied and keep so well posted in it that it is hard to get the best of a trade.  
Thos. McClintock bought 65 head of mules in Cincinnati, of W. H. Stephens, that he intends shipping about the 15th of January. B. S. Letton shipped, day before yesterday, 75 good mules to Mason, Ga. They will arrive there on Monday next.

We are glad to learn from Alex. McClintock that the Nashville & Louisville railroad company promptly paid him \$1,335 for the six head he had killed by the accident on that road, of which mention was made last week. Such accidents should admonish our drivers of the value and importance of insuring their stock. The cost of insurance is so small that the loss of a single common mule will more than balance the expense of insuring the largest lot sent from this section. The railroad companies may pay promptly and liberally sometimes; but that is not always certain to be the case.

Jos. McClintock returned from Indiana with 96 head, purchased for himself and Boulden & Fisher.  
We met W. S. Rogers returning from "over the river" Saturday evening. "Mules higher than in Kentucky," was his report. He purchased a pair in Cincinnati that weighed respectively 1,325 and 1,244.

Alex. McClintock purchased three carloads at Nashville, below Kentucky prices. He ships three more carloads from here to-day to join the others at Nashville, bound Southward. He reports trade active and brisk at Atlanta.

Geo. McIntyre shipped two car-loads to his partner, Thos. Bowden, at Atlanta.  
Sol. Spears returns from Mississippi so well pleased that he is going to take back a lot.

We noticed several other lots going through yesterday and Monday, among them one drove from Fleming county.

Capt. J. W. Campbell returned last evening from Mason, Ga. Trade was a little dull, but for the holidays, but would revive. He did not meet large shipments.

Jas. Mac Miller ships two car-loads to-day to his son, who is stationed at Atlanta.  
Wm. Groshart returned from Mississippi. He reports the market good, and money plenty. He backed his mules by shipping 100 head more to that State.

Mr. Hall, of Mayville, as he passed through Paris, from Memphis, reported to us that money was plenty down South. The negroes in great numbers were in Memphis with pockets full of "rocks."

The mule trade is reported quite active in Mason, Ga. Kentucky and Tennessee mules sell from \$100 to \$300.  
At Thos. Smart's sale single mules sold at \$270, and pairs at \$460.

STATE NEWS.

HEAVY ROBBERY.—The residence of Mr. Richard Barnett, situated on the Bryant's station pike, was entered on Wednesday night last, and robbed of various articles of wearing apparel and jewelry, amounting in value to over \$200. Mr. Barnett came to town the next day and notified the city authorities of the same. With the information furnished them, policemen Harrison and Metcalfe went to work, and succeeded on Saturday night in capturing the thieves and recovering the plunder in the neighborhood of the Covington depot. The former turned out to be two colored gentlemen, George Matthews and Robert Alexander, but seven months out of the penitentiary. In default of \$300 bail each, Judge Graves sent them to jail to await the action of the grand jury.—Lex. Obs.

SERIOUS SLAYING.—On Christmas eve, a negro named Dick Bryant, was seriously, and it is feared fatally, stabbed, in the neighborhood of the colored Branch Church, on Water street. The police arrested Gus Jones, a painter, on suspicion of having committed the deed. He was tried before Judge Goodloe on Monday morning, when, though he was not positively ascertained to be the guilty party, the judge deemed the evidence sufficiently strong to remand him for further trial, with the privilege of bail in the sum of \$200; which latter alternative was accepted by Jones.—Ibid.

ROBBERY.—Captain James Taylor, the popular conductor on the K. C. R. R., had his general good somewhat varied last Wednesday night. A very valuable satchel, containing two watches and several articles of jewelry, had been entrusted to him for safe keeping. When the train reached Covington, he hung the satchel on the iron fence of the rear car, in order the more readily to assist a number of ladies to alight from the platform, but while he was thus engaged, some villain made off with it.—Ibid.

GOSS.—The Freedmen's Bureau offices have been closed here. Col. R. E. Johnson, for some time past, his agent at this point, has been ordered, with his costly old piece of furniture, to Louisville. Although we deeply sympathize with our sister city in her continued affliction, still we cannot but rejoice that we and the remainder of the State are treated to this happy riddance.—Ibid.

TAKING CHRISTMAS.—In a drunken spree at Clayville, in Harrison county, on Christmas day, Ambrose Morrison shot Ed. Jackson through the head, killing him. He also stabbed Jos. Duncan badly, though not fatally.

In Sharpsburg, on Christmas eve, two young men in perfect friendship concluded to shoot at one another by way of saying which had the best nerve. The result was that when the pistols cracked there were two dead men stretched on the street. Rather serious fun we should think. The names were Richard Taylor and Joshua Sharpe, the latter a son of Dr. Sharpe.

At Georgetown Rhodes Smith shot John Morrison, inflicting probably a fatal wound.—Paris Kentuckian.

SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENTS.—On Tuesday last, the 23d inst., a little girl named Maggie Featherston, daughter of Wm. Featherston, Esq., living about a mile and a half from this city, was playing around the fire with a piece of paper which, taking fire, communicated the flames to her clothing, burning her so severely that she died from the effects of it on Thursday about 5 o'clock, P. M. Her mother, who was out of the room at the time, hearing the screams of her daughter, ran to her, and upon opening the door the little girl rushed out into the hall. Mrs. Featherston seeing the terrible situation of the child, caught her up and wrapped her own clothing about her so as to smother the fire, which she succeeded in doing at the risk of being burned to death herself. At this moment two buckets of water were brought in by negro women and thrown upon both the child and her mother, entirely extinguishing the flames, but the burns upon the child were so severe that death followed the intense suffering she experienced for two days succeeding the terrible accident. We tender the deepest heartfelt sympathies of the community to the bereaved parents in this their sore affliction.—Lexington Statesman.

This coroner of Louisville last Monday found a family living eight miles from the city in a miserable hole, and suffering from extreme want and misery. The mother of the family lay dead on a pallet, the father was down with heart disease, one daughter was nearly dead with consumption, and five ragged, filthy little children were wasted by hunger to living skeletons. The mother had hitherto supported the family, but died from pneumonia, brought on by over-exertion and exposure. Ample relief was supplied at once.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury once went to Somerset House to execute a deed. "What name?" said the cockney clerk. "Longer," answered the prelate. "Go to 22 (a place unmentionable to ears polite) rejoined the clerk; and some explanation was necessary before it became evident that the cardinal had merely aspired the designating letter of the department (arranged alphabetically) to which he wished to direct Dr. Longley.

One of the most delicate witticisms, uttered by Rosini on his death-bed, is the following: His characteristic of the affectionate relations prevailing between him and his wife: "What is the difference between you and a clock?" said the sick maestro to his faithful wife and nurse, when she had just told him what time it was; and as Madame Rosini said she was unable to solve the riddle, her husband told her the solution: "The clock indicates the hours to me, and you cause me to forget them." Certainly a mot of which every tender bridegroom might be proud.

Letters From Russia.—The Coronation Cathedral—Kissing the Bones—Superstitions.

We were alone, my son and I, in the holiest of all the holy places in the Empire of Russia: a church and a sepulchre: the place where the Emperors crown themselves and the primates of the Church are lying in their grave-clothes all around: the grandest of all earthly grandeur and the solemn evocations of the mighty power of King Death staring at the pagan in mockery of all that man is and does.

We were alone in the Cathedral of the Assumption; four gigantic gilded and pictured columns in the midst of it support the vaulted ceiling, and on the sides are ranged the huge sarcophagi in which repose the bones of old patriarchs whose names are part of the history of the Church, and whose relics are thus kept near at hand impressing the worshipper with something of awe, as one will feel it in the presence of the dead. There was no attendant in the church when we entered, and the deep silence reigning seemed befitting the place. We were silent, for the grandeur of the scene, the historic associations with the place, the evidence around us that this spot is holy in the eyes and hearts of the millions of this vast empire, made us solemn. Before us is the Iconostasis, or screen for sacred pictures, and behind this screen are the pictures of the patriarchs and fathers of the church. No woman may enter this holy place. It is very plain that the woman's rights idea of equality have not penetrated this veil; here, too, are views of the final Judgment scene, and of the life and death of the Virgin Mary. These sacred pictures surround the sanctuary, the holy of holies, and before it is the principal altar, and behind it is the throne of the Archbishop of Moscow. In the centre of the church, with the four great pillars at each corner, is the coronation platform, on which takes place the most august ceremony known to the Greek Church, or the Russian people. We cannot enter fully into the sentiment of awe that possesses the minds of a half-civilized race, who receive their sovereign with a mingled conception of the divine and human in his person. He seeks to perpetuate this reverential sentiment. He saddles himself from the world before he comes to take the Imperial crown; he mortifies himself by fasting and prayer; and when the appointed day arrives for his investiture with the high office to which God has called him, there is none in all his realm that is high and holy enough to put on him the emblem of the power he is to take. This cathedral is thronged with the highest dignities of the Church and State, and the representatives of other empires, eastern and western with the richest display of all that can illustrate the glory of the scene. They surround this empty platform and gaze upon it with fixed expectancy. A solitary man enters and ascends alone; he speaks; but it is to repeat the words in which is expressed his faith in the doctrines of the Church; he kneels to pray for his empire; he takes his own golden crown, and with his own unaided hand he places it upon his head; he descends, and entering the holiest sanctuary takes the bread and wine from the altar, and thus alone with God, when he alone confesses to be his superior, he consecrates himself to the throne of Russia. Thus from Ivan the Terrible, all the way down to the Alexander who was shot at in Paris during the exhibition, have the Czars been self-crowned upon this sacred spot.

In a side chapel near the altar lies Peter, the first Metropolitan of Moscow, with a nail of the Saviour's and a part of his seamless robe. On the right is the coffin of Philip, who had the courage to rebuke the Terrible Ivan, a terrible brutal ruler, murdering his nobles without mercy, and when Philip became too troublesome he murdered him. Now the dead prelate lies here with one of his skeleton hands exposed to view on his breast, and it is part of the Emperor's service when he approaches this tomb, to kiss the holy bone that is left convenient for the purpose.

Very like this cathedral is that of the Archangel Michael, close by; and here lie the coffins and relics of the early rulers of the Runic and Romanoff dynasties, all the way down to Peter the Great. The tomb of Demetrius, son of Ivan the Terrible, is the most sacred of all; he disappeared mysteriously, and the country was plunged into a long and bloody civil war; and finally, his murdered body and coffin were brought to view by a miracle, and the forehead of the dead prince being exposed, or a hole about an inch in diameter being cut through the coffin and the forehead raised up to it, or what is just as good, a bone being put across the hole, the people approach with reverence and press their lips upon this holy and disgusting skull.

Our meditations among the tombs were disturbed by the entrance of visitors, many of them natives of the country, whose reverence in the midst of so much that to them was especially sacred, we could not fail to respect. I cannot kiss a bone with any enthusiasm. Indeed, if it were left to my own choice, I would kiss the mequet of God's creatures with a soul in it to be loved and saved, rather than to put my lips upon the bare bones of a dead saint or king. I envy the privilege of her who kissed the feet of the living Jesus, and washed them with her tears. She loved and was blessed. But the repugnant bone of a patriarch, or the skull of a prince, is as far from having sanctity in my eyes, as the spear that pierced the side of the Saviour or the scourge that drew his blood.

But there is no accounting for the tastes of people, and disgusting as is the idolatry of the Greek Church to me, I know that many English and American Christians wish to have that Church united to theirs. I would like to see it reformed first.

A distant relation of Berryer's, upon reading the insulting article which Paul de Cassagnac published on that illustrious orator and statesman at the very moment when he was at the point of death, resolved to punish the journalistic bully, and went with a cane to his office. Before Cassagnac knew what he wanted, the new comer had locked the room and put the key in his pocket. He then told Cassagnac that he was there to chastise him, his (Cassagnac's) skill as a swordsman rendering it more than useless to challenge him, and his well-known treachery making his promises to retract entirely unworthy of confidence. Berryer's relative then commenced belaboring Cassagnac, despite the latter's resistance and screams for help, and finally, in order to mark his face, struck him several blows across the cheek. When the unrepentant visitor had withdrawn, Cassagnac covered his face with a handkerchief, hastened to the Procureur Imperial to urge him to prosecute his assailant forthwith. But the Procureur said he would first consult the Minister of Justice, who decided that it would be inadvisable to side with Cassagnac, whose infamous article about Berryer had excited universal indignation.

"For one Night Only"—Reverend Mr. H. L. Lyne's Mistake in Tennessee.

The following account of a singular mistake among some newly married folks in Tennessee is from the Nashville Banner of yesterday. It was written by "John Happy"—of course. Nobody else would have written it. Everybody else would have spent a large fortune in his efforts to keep it concealed from the public. We have been asked to republish it. We indignantly decline to do so. We rigidly exclude it from these columns.

Much has been written and said of Christmas—of its luxurious feasts, lavish gifts, and grotesque gambols, and man stories thereon founded; but the person who fails to detect in the following episode a "Christmas Story" rich in development, and, one, too, that lays completely in shadow all holiday stories ever before recited, in his judgment of humor we haven't the least confidence. Startling though it may be, it certainly elucidates the fact that the lives of some people are fraught with rare occurrences. Long prefaces, out of taste—then, suffice it to say,

"That though we have a somewhat funny scene, I'll draw the curtain and leave no scene." On Christmas night, in the vicinity of a little post village a very few miles distant from Nashville, a dance was given. It promised to be one of those genuine hilarious breakdowns of "ye olden time," in whose festivities host, hostess and guests were to partake. Invitations had been issued to all the beaux and belles for miles and miles around, and the affair was to be the grandest of the holidays. Among the guests were a pair new newly wedded couples, whose voyage matrimonial had just begun that morning, in a shower of kind wishes and congratulations. We are not too sure but that the oration was inaugurated for their especial honor and benefit. Be that as it may, night came, moonless but clear. The mansion was illuminated with a blaze of light and jounced with the gaiety of its inmates. Soon the musicians began their choicest quadrilles, and the halls and parlors were thronged with the graceful devotees of Terpsichore. The observed of all observers were the lately wedded couples. The bright lights looked down on the fairy-like brides and vainly vied in brilliancy with their sparkling eyes. The dashing grooms excited unlimited envy in the bosom of every woman present; but otherwise everything went merrily as a marriage bell.

At a seasonable hour, supper was announced and as fast as it was! The wits of the confectioner had been tested in the arrangement and manufacture of the innumerable bon bons and indescribable delicacies. After indulgence in refreshments, the company again resumed their places in the dance, and everything glided on as smoothly and pleasantly as before. Soon the two brides were called away to the steeple and ushered into the respective chambers assigned them. In due time the grooms followed, having, however, first received somewhat indistinct instructions from the young gentleman of the household, as to which apartments they were to occupy, he being at the time engaged in the dance, and supposing that they were well acquainted with the locality of the rooms. The lamps had been turned down and the wicks burned low. Without even daring to peep at the plump, cherry faces half hid by the snowy pillows, the grooms spring into bed.

At such a point, and in a story, it is customary for a modest narrator to draw a veil; but in this instance we are necessarily compelled to draw two veils.

The remainder of the company continued the festivities until a late hour, and the gray dawn was almost peeping over the eastern hills, ere the music of the fiddlers ceased, and the dancers, worn and fatigued, one by one stealthily crept away for a few hours' rest.

When morning did come it brought with it such a scene of confusion as was never before seen. Don Quixote's furor at the inn alone excepted. Forth from one of the bridal chambers came a loud and prolonged shriek. The drowsy slumbers turned out from all directions—some in dishabille, "some in velvet gowns." Every moment the screaming grew louder. At length, some of the bolder ventured to go up and ascertain its cause. Up the steps they rushed, much wondering what in the mischief this matter. From the scene of the disturbances they meet one of the late happy bridegrooms rushing frantically out. They inquired the reason of the hubbub. Hastily he pushes through the crowd and bangs at the door of the other "party." In search of his wife! In the meanwhile they also have become aroused, and brand number two discovers the terrible fate of her and lends the force of her lungs to the general discord. Up jumps the groom number two, and rushes out in time to meet his equally unfortunate friend. Each had got into the wrong room!

Such a scene as this house then presented it would be hard indeed to describe. That it was the most distressingly awkward matrimonial episode that ever befell a quartette of "souls with but a single thought," may easily be imagined. But the explanation came at last, and was satisfactory to all concerned, we suppose. Here we are content to leave them.

Our sketch partakes not in the least of the fanciful. The details are given exactly as they occurred.

Mr. Henry R., a hale old bachelor living in the country, and owning a grist mill, wood and a buxom widow, recently, but the bride, through a feeling of modesty, timidity, or something else, retired to a separate room, and locked the door, leaving the husband "out in the cold." This state of things continued for several nights. The old man, not relishing this illustration of consubstantial bliss, hit upon a plan to bring the old lady to terms. He retired to his mill, where he remained entrenched for several days. In the meantime his enemy began to sue for peace—sent a flag of truce, with a request for the old man to come and see her; but he now stubbornly refused, and sent back word that if the bride desired to see him she must come to the mill where he had very comfortable quarters, and that unless she surrendered and appeared at the mill at a given time, indicating her willingness to perform her part of the marriage contract, he would at once proceed to town, and institute proceedings for a divorce. This brought the bride to a sense of duty—she visited the mill—and everything has since gone "merry as a marriage bell!"

The extravagant life which the Mother-in-laws are leading in Paris, begins to make heavy inroads upon their fortune. Several very large mortgages having recently been entered upon their famous estate of Johannisberg, and Prince Metternich has, besides, overdrew his account at Rothschild's to the amount of five or six hundred thousand francs, which the heirs of Baron James have now told him must be refunded to them without delay. The manner in which the Prince and his wife live, may be inferred from the fact that their joint income amounts to nearly two hundred thousand francs, to which the Austrian Government adds two hundred and fifty thousand more.

Decisions of the Court of Appeals.

(Reported for the Franklin Freeman by Daniel James, attorney at law, Frankfort, Ky.)  
Important: to tobacco dealers and capitalists.—Tobacco manufactured in this State subject to taxation.—Hanks in other countries may be taxed also.  
Barret & Co. vs. From Henderson Circuit Court.  
The City of Henderson having subscribed stock in the Evansville, Henderson, and Nashville Railroad Company, under the act of incorporation levied a tax to pay the interest on the bonds issued to pay for it. The authority is "to levy a tax upon the tax-payers of the city, taxable under the revenue laws of the State, a sum sufficient to pay the interest and the cost of collecting the same."

Barret & Co. were largely purchasing leaf tobacco from the planters of Henderson and adjoining counties, and were stemming and shipping it to foreign markets for sale. The city claims the right to tax this tobacco as merchandise. The act of March 8, 1851, requires merchants to list their goods and groceries on hand on the 10th of April, "exclusive of the articles manufactured in the families within the State."



[of the late firm of Manker, Chase & Co., of Ripley,  
Ohio.]

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